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An original cut-out by Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, O. P.

Christmas Greetings

Above a weary world there shines
The same bright Christmas star,
The light of faith, and hope and love
On dear ones — near and far!

May it bring new gladness,
New courage, and new cheer,
To bless you at this season
And to keep you through the year!

THE INDIAN MISSIONARY RECORD

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC PUBLICATION FOR THE INDIANS OF CANADA

REV. G. LAVIOLETTE, O.M.I., EDITOR.

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Indians Have Rights To Catholic Hospitals

(Reproduced from the "Northwest Review")

Recently a news item in this paper reported that Catholic papers of Eastern Canada, reflecting the wishes of the hierarchy, were waging an editorial campaign to assure that Catholic Hospitals would be made available by the government for Catholic Indians. Editorials in *Le Droit* and in *L'Action Catholique* pointed out that hospitalization is one of the traditional activities of Catholic charity, that for the Catholic the time of illness and death is a time when more assiduous religious care is demanded, that the duplication of facilities was certainly unnecessary, and, in fact, unfair to Catholic institutions.

It should be observed that these points of view mark the general Catholic attitude towards state hospitals but that, in the case of the Indians in Canada, two other aspects of very great importance, must be taken into consideration.

In the first place the Indian is to a great extent dependent economically on the government and is in fact a ward of the government. Whatever the plans for the distant future regarding the status of the Indian the present circumstances are such that where extraordinary expenditures are concerned the Indian must rely on the resources of the government or of charitable organizations. The claim on the government, however, is not one of simple good will. The Indians gave up traditional property rights in exchange for solemn obligations undertaken willingly by the government. Modern Canadians may think it quaint when present Indian leaders delve down into their records and bring up ancient parchments, bearing the signature of George III, but these are valid documents and represent an exchange of rights and obligations of real value. The point of this discussion with regard to hospitals is that the government has in reality accepted the role of trustee for the Indians and is bound to take into consideration their religious convictions much more scrupulously than if it were dealing with independent citizens. There is an added obligation on the government

where the Indians are concerned and Catholic Indians may thus in justice demand that funds expended for hospitalization be expended as Indian Catholics would themselves wish to, if disposing of their own funds for hospitals. In accordance with the teachings of their faith and their preferences, they would build Catholic hospitals.

A second consideration particularly applicable to the question of government-sponsored hospitals for Indians, would insist on the respect and gratitude due to the Church organizations in return for their many decades of service to the Indian. They have borne the heat and burden of pioneering, saving the government thousands of dollars in cold cash by their devotedness and zeal for the material and spiritual well-being of the Indian. These decades testify that not only would the government be unjust if now that funds are available it refused to collaborate with the religious groups, but that such a policy would be also unwise, ignoring the experience painfully acquired by church groups in this work and the confidence they have slowly won from the Indians.

Unfortunately the economic wardship of the Indians in relation to the government and the voluntary nature of the work carried on by the missionaries, while providing special bases for more scrupulous treatment on the part of the government, also leave the Indian and the church groups in a weak position when they would need the threat of votes and of public opinion to act as a check on governmental bureaucracy.

In the circumstances it is up to Catholics and other lovers of fair play throughout the Dominion to take an active interest in the obtaining of more consideration for the manifest rights and wishes of Catholic Indians and their spiritual advisors in the further implementation of the government's hospitalization policy. Catholic Indians have a right to Catholic hospitals. Justice and wisdom favor that right.

R. D.

Behold The Indians!

It might seem startling to some to propose that we, in this advanced Twentieth Century of atomic bombs and other devices, should look to what we regard as the native Indian for some pointers in the rearing of our children. Nonetheless, this is what was recommended by a distinguished Catholic woman scientist at the National Catholic Conference on Family Life, just held at the Catholic University of America in Washington, D.C.

Dr. Regina Flannery Herzfeld, Assistant Professor of Anthropology at Catholic University, was the speaker, and she struck out against those who retreat behind the assertion that "boys will be boys", and that because of "the nature of the beast", "children are naturally cruel and selfish," "naturally destructive," "naturally dishonest."

Giving some close-ups of life among the Northern Algonquin Indians, whose culture she knows first hand, Dr. Herzfeld told how the children among these tribes "are actually self-reliant and relatively independent at a very early age". She said even tiny tots are required to pack tiny bundles on their backs while the family is on portage, and that "two boys no older than ten and twelve, for example, may have

complete responsibility for the safe transportation by canoe of hundreds of pounds of valuable flour over the 200-odd miles of exceedingly difficult terrain from the railroad to the Hudson Bay Company post at Lake Mistassini."

"That young children are accustomed to exercise real judgment comes as a surprise to some of us", said the Catholic scientist.

"For example, when one wishes to obtain some trinket, he must deal directly with the owner; so if the object belongs to a child, the transaction must be carried on with him. The parents never interfere — never suggest what a fair price would be — the child must make his own decisions and stick by them. Again, I recall an occasion when I gave to an Indian friend of mine four inexpensive necklaces. I told her to keep the one she liked for herself and to distribute the others among her three small daughters. The mother, called the little girls and let each choose, keeping the one that was left over. The whole thing was a serious matter and took quite a long time, but the girls knew that once they had made their selection, that was that. No allowance is made in that culture for the supposedly universal feminine foible of changing one's mind."

Dr. Herzfeld said "there is an unusual regard for property rights and theft is practically unknown." "There is no need for lock and key", she added, "but everyone is accustomed to know what everyone else has. The children are extremely curious when a stranger arrives, and if the visitor wishes to remain on friendly terms he might just as well reconcile himself to the annoyance of having his knapsacks and bags thoroughly explored down to the very bottom. Yet it may be remarked that no matter how much some gadget may appeal to them, nor how tempting a bag of candies, the children will never take anything that doesn't belong to them, nor, even more striking, ask for it."

FUTURE OF INDIAN

A Free Press Weekly reader (W. H. Morris, of Edmonton) recently wrote critically about the lack of citizenship for our Indian people.

"In contrast to the proud position enjoyed by the Maoris of New Zealand, the preservation and well-being of our Indian people seems to be of little importance," writes Mr. Morris. "Government hospital facilities and medical supplies in some northern areas are terribly inadequate, and, during the construction of the Alaska Highway, American army doctors came in contact with many Indians suffering from disease and malnutrition."

Mr. Morris maintains that he will not take advantage of his citizenship right to vote until such time as the Government enacts the Canadian Citizenship Act in truth as well as by word.

"When the majority of citizens in Canada were proclaimed Canadians by government declaration, we find the Indian people still denied the right to vote and other privileges enjoyed by the majority of other nationality groups and their descendants now living in Canada." (Under the provisions of the Indian Act, now under revision, there are some Indians who have become enfranchised).

"The Indians are natural-born craftsmen, and given the chance of opportunity will measure up to the job. In Canadian army service and elsewhere, they have been accepted as equals and given recognition. Mr. Morris concludes, "One wonders if the government realizes the asset our native people could and would be in the development of Canada's great north land."

— Why does the editor call himself "we"?

— So the fellow who doesn't like what he says will think there are too many of him to lick.

BOOK REVIEW

For a background to Indian art, the Dominion department of mines and resources has collected excellent plates and published them with explanatory notes in the booklet "An Album of Prehistoric Canadian Art."

"Monuments in Cedar — the Authentic Story of the Totem Pole," by E. L. Keithahn, gives detailed descriptions and clear pictures of the British Columbia totem poles. A pamphlet, "Thunderbird Park, Victoria, B.C.," is also valuable on this subject.

To lovers of handicrafts and Indian crafts, W. B. Hunt's "Indian Craft" will be a real thrill. The author has selected projects of common interest and has written his directions simply and with numerous illustrations so that the most unskilled hobbyist may follow them.

C. A. Lyford has made a study of arts and crafts of various Indian tribes. On the shelves of the public library are his "Ojibwa Craft," "Quill and Beadwork of the Western Sioux" and "Tribes of the West." He explains such processes as the weaving of baskets, the making of clay pipes and pottery jars, and the art of bead and quill work. His books are well illustrated. On the same subject and also well designed are "Blackfoot Crafts" by John C. Ewers and "Pueblo Crafts" by Ruth Underhill. The latter explains in detail the In-

dian's method of weaving blankets, patterned rugs and blankets.

If you have already written some baskets and would like new, original Indian designs, Francis Paul's "Spruce Root Basketry of the Alaska Tlingit" might be a source of further inspiration. The illustrated patterns are smart and seem not difficult.

Two new, more extensive books are "Dances and Stories of the American Indian," by J. Mason, and "Indians Before Columbus," by P. S. Martin. The aid of diagrams, maps, traces and compares Indian culture at various times and places in North America. This book is well indexed for easy reference and should prove especially useful to teachers and students. Mason described the details and intricacies of the Indian dance and ritual. He introduces the art of Indian face making and costuming, and explains the significance of various rites and customs connected with the dance.

An interesting compilation of the material found in British Columbia provincial museum recently been made by A. F. Ravenhill and published under the title "A Cornerstone of Canadian Culture — An Outline of the Arts and Crafts of the Indian Tribes of British Columbia."

THE QUESTION BOX

Q. Is it necessary to have a witness at a private Baptism?

A. When private Baptism is administered a witness should be present so that the Baptism may be proven. The absence of a witness, however, does not render the Sacrament invalid.

Q. What is the proper age for children to receive their First Holy Communion?

A. According to Canon Law, children are to be admitted to Holy Communion when they have reached the age of reason. In case of danger of death, they are to be admitted if they can distinguish between this Bread and other bread.

Q.—Is it true that we should pray for the dead if we have happened to dream of them?

A.—It is always good and kind to pray for the dead, but dreams have no bearing on the matter.

Q.—If two Catholics marry before a justice of the peace, are both excommunicated?

A. — Catholics who attempt marriage before a justice of the peace commit a grave (mortal) sin by so doing, and are not married in the eyes of God and the Church. They are not, however, excommunicated and should repair the scandal given, if any, and straighten out the matter by a proper marriage following a good and sincere confession. One of the readers who sent a question of this kind stated she married before a justice "because we could not afford a wedding." The church marriage ceremony may be very simple and private, and no pastor will refuse his attendance merely because the parties cannot make the usual offering, which is not large.

Q. After obtaining a dispensation for a mixed marriage, the Catholic party is persuaded to be married in the Protestant Church. Is this marriage valid?

A. No, the marriage would be null and void, because for any marriage in which a Catholic is concerned, there must be present the Catholic priest and two other witnesses. Moreover, the Bishop would have to be consulted be-

fore the priest could duly inform the Catholic marriage canon which is still required.

Q. Can we satisfy the precept of charity towards our neighbor without any external acts?

A. No. This very statement among the moral errors condemned by Pope Innocent XI in 1679. Hence there needs must be an externalization of our charitable acts towards our neighbor.

Q. How can we resolve not to sin again, if we very often know that, because of human weakness, we will again fall into sin?

A. The resolve to sin no more and the fear that we may fall into sin again, do not contradict each other. A soldier may know that he will lose his life; but fear does not prevent him from fighting it with skill and courage. An honest resolve to fight temptation and the occasion of sin, honestly conceived and honestly remembered in time of danger will make sin less likely and will finally bring lasting victory over sin. Remember St. Paul's anxiety and God's answer, "His grace is sufficient."

Q. Is it a sin to go to a dance on Sunday evening?

A. The day of the week does not add any element of innocence or sinfulness to the dance. Other circumstances, however, do affect it. If the character or the environment of the dance is such as to make it an occasion of sin, all are bound to avoid it as they are bound to avoid all other occasions. Furthermore, if attendance at such a dance is such as to endanger our spiritual or physical well-being, or if prudence forbids us to attend, it is sinful.

Q. Is a priest allowed to hear the confession of a Protestant who has been baptized in the Protestant Church without baptism?

A. If the Protestant is validly baptized and is willing to die for the Catholic Faith, the priest will hear his confession and administer the Holy Communion and administer Extreme Unction. If he has not been baptized, he must first receive baptism. If there is doubt about his baptism, he will be baptized conditionally.

NEWS BRIEFS

THE WAY BACK

In a recent issue of Coronet a picture section is devoted to the North American Indians. Entitled "The Way Back" it gives a picture of the story with a commentary depicting the survival of the Indians in the United States.

Irrigation and Cannery for Piapot I.R.

REGINA, Sask., — A project to dam spring run-off water from the slopes of the Qu'Appelle valley at the Piapot Indian reserve to serve as an irrigation project and cannery factory is now under consideration and might be in operation in 1949.

ENGAGE IN CO-OPERATIVE STUDY

REGINA — In order to teach the principles of co-operation to Indians of Saskatchewan, the provincial government has formed a fur conservation area on 15 townships of the Pasqua forest reserve under the Dominion-Provincial resources agreement.

First step in the project was the moving of 12 Indian families from the reserves between Kamsack and Prince Albert to the new area. They have been assigned traplines and have been grouped in committees to operate under existing game laws for the conservation of the beaver. With an eight-year trapping contract, renewable for a ten-year period, they will work together to stabilize income from fur-bearing animals. The Indian Affairs Department is backing the experiment with a grubstake of \$500.

"WISE-COUNSELLOR"

OTTAWA. — Prime Minister Mackenzie King, who 12 years ago was named "Chief, Wise Counsellor" by the Crees of Saskatchewan, accepted a magnificent headdress from a delegation of the North American Brotherhood on May 19.

Beating drums and bedecked in full tribal regalia, the 60 brotherhood members concluded their annual convention by calling on Mr. King and the joint Senate-Commons committee on Indian affairs.

Acting as spokesman, Chief Tom Jones, of Cape Croker, Ont., suggested revisions of the Indian act, which the committee has been studying for three years.

BASKETBALL CHAMPS DO IT WITH LATIN

KAYING, China, —(NC)— Despite the fact that they had to play barefooted and that they only had a student enrollment of 16 from which to draw a team, the Maryknoll Junior Seminars defeated a Baptist school with an enrollment of 1,500 to win a basketball tournament here. The secret of the seminarians' success was that they confused their opponents by calling all their plays in Latin.

A GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER

A woman, Regina newspaper photographer, went down to an Indian settlement and by sign language indicated to an Indian woman she would like to take a picture of the Indian and her child having dinner outdoors. The picture was taken and while the photographer prepared to leave the Indian woman approached, held her by the arm and pointed to the shack. The woman photographer was surprised when the man of the house came from the shack carrying a rather expensive camera and by sign language indicated he would like to take a picture of his wife and visiting white woman. One good turn deserved another.

A CHILD - MARTYR IS BEATIFIED



Some 40,000 persons thronged St. Peter's Basilica for the beatification ceremony of Maria Goretti, modern martyr of chastity. The eleven-year-old girl was stabbed to death 45 years ago by a neighbor, Alessandro Serenelli. The repentant slayer after serving 27 years in prison, became a Capuchin monk, Padre Stefano. Due to a last minute change in plans he was unable to be present at the beatification ceremonies, but was a principal witness in her beatification cause. In the picture, a few of the participants in the ceremony view the crystal casket containing the remains of Blessed Maria. AP Wirephoto (NC Photos)

ESKIMO GIRL TO BE NUN

MONTREAL, Nov. 20 — A 17-year-old Eskimo girl in the Northwest Territories, who has aspired for four years to become a nun, will soon join the Roman Catholic Order of the Grey Sisters at Chesterfield Inlet.

Msgr. Marc Lacroix, vicar apostolic of the Oblate Fathers' Hudson Bay mission, confirmed a report from Rome that the Pope has given permission for the girl, Pelagie, to enter the order.

The girl, believed to be the first Eskimo to join a Catholic

sisterhood, has wanted to become a nun since she was 13 years old.

Both her parents are dead and she has been living with three brothers and two sisters.

Pelagie Inuk began her probation period at Chesterfield Inlet when the Very Rev. Fr. L. Deschatelets, O.M.I., visited that mission post during the summer. Her trial period will last five years.

Chesterfield Inlet is 400 miles north of Churchill, Man.; it is a hamlet where the Grey Nuns have a ten-bed hospital.

Pelagie is a member of the Padlarmuit tribe near Eskimo Point. She had been with the Sisters at Chesterfield for two

years before she took the veil to be admitted to religious training.

PHYSICAL PROWESS

The great apostle of the Northwest, Father Pierre-Jean Desmet, had traveled to a large Indian encampment. Certain younger braves wanted to show other tribesmen they were superior to the Blackrobe by displaying physical prowess and endurance. Some did this by handling hot irons, others by competing to see who could make the largest indentures in wood with their knuckles, or by other daring feats.

Father Desmet knew that, in order to save face and impress the Indians, he would have to equal or surpass these acts of prowess. It was a difficult moment, but he rose to the occasion. Knowing the Indians had no knowledge of the white man's dentistry, he reached into his mouth, tugged mightily and jerked out his upper plate, turned it around in his fingers and put it back in his mouth. He then walked away, leaving the young braves dumbfounded.—Calumet.

HOSPITAL FIRE CAUSES \$500,000 LOSS

SARDIS, B.C., Nov. 20, — Smouldering ruins were all that remained of the \$500,000 Coqualeetza Indian tubercular hospital following a fire that forced 300 persons to evacuate the premises.

The blaze, believed to have started in a wing that had new electrical fixtures installed earlier in the day, spread rapidly through the three-storey, brick building after its start at 5:30 a.m.

One hundred and eighty patients were among those forced to flee the flames, with at least a dozen babies carried out by nurses in an orderly retreat.

No injuries were reported. The homeless were provided with quarters in the community hall and a church at this small town of 1,500 persons 70 miles east of Vancouver.

Efforts to stem the crackling advance of the flames were made by the fire departments of Chilliwack and Yarrow, aided by army engineers from the Chilliwack military camp. Their work was

hampered by lack of water outlets and pressure.

Evacuation of patients and personnel was followed by removal of all possible equipment. Majority of beds were saved, but much operating equipment was lost.

A nurse and two doctors emerged as heroes of the fire. The nurse, identified only as "Mrs. Norris," discovered the fire and reported to Dr. D. Fotheringham, hospital business manager. He tried to hold the flames in check with a hand extinguisher until arrival of fire fighters.

Meanwhile, Dr. T. Maher, made a complete circuit of the hospital, warning everybody and seeing they all left the building in time.

Tableau Displayed In Regina

An interesting tableau, depicting the visit of a trader from the Red River to an Assiniboine Indian encampment in the 1840's is now on display in the provincial museum in the Regina normal school building.

Stone artifacts, in use at the time, litter the campsite. A Red River cart, made entirely of wood, and springless, piled high with trade goods, dominates the left side of the tableau. The grass smells real. It is clippings from a lawn, chemically treated against fire and ripened in the sun.

Four figures are in the scene. There is a bearded trader dressed in buckskin and wearing moccasins. Holding a pipe filled with tobacco made from red willow, the Indian stands in dignified conversation with the trader.

Crouched beside the fire is the grandmother, stirring the meal which is cooking in a blackened pot suspended from a willow tripod. Beside her, on one knee, is the Indian boy, obviously proud of the muskrat which he has shot with his bow and arrow.

Marieval News

Among recent visitors to the school we had the pleasure to welcome the Very Rev. Fr. Ph. Scheffer, O.M.I., Fathers G. de Bretagne and A. Joyal, of LeBreton.

The parish hall is now under construction; Oblate lay brothers contracted to build the hall which was begun at the end of September. Brothers Denis and Eugene Boulé are in charge of the construction of the hall.

We joined in the Family Rosary Crusade and took part in the rally held at Melville, Oct. 11th, where the Lt. Governor of Saskatchewan and the Archbishop of Regina were in attendance.

A concert was held Oct. 21, in honor of our school principal, Rev. J. Lemire, O.M.I. Greeting songs, drills, plays and a sketch were on the program.

Bazaar

On Oct. 31 and Nov. 1 a bazaar was held at Marieval through the cooperation of Fr. Lemire, the Sisters of the school, the Ladies of the parish and the members of the Sacred Heart Club, for the parish hall.

We are proud to report net receipts to the amount of \$1,273.55. Featured at the bazaar were a raffle (\$140.90); candy store (\$329.22); bingo (\$107.40); spinning wheel (\$164.50), Fish-pond (\$164.80); clothing (\$163.68), lunches (\$138.75), auction sale (\$90.70) and Games (\$219.81). The expenses were only \$246.21. These results show how much can be accomplished through generous cooperation and support of parochial works. Congratulations and sincere thanks to all Marieval parishioners.

Weddings

Patricia Ward, daughter of Don Ward, was married to Andrew Delorme, son of late St-Pierre Delorme, Oct. 19.

Marie Lavallée, daughter of Antoine Lavallée, was married to Joseph Crowe, Nov. 9th.

Rosaline Delorme was married to Howard Lerat, Nov. 17.

R. I. P.

Mrs. Zachary Lerat, Nov. 13, buried at Marieval, Nov. 15.

RELIGION IN THE HOME



The children of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Flaherty, of White Plains, N. Y., are pictured before the little "home altar," constructed by their daddy in his hobby-woodworking shop in the basement of his home. Family devotions in the home and the building of shrines in the home have long been advocated and encouraged by the National Council of Catholic Women and the Family Life Bureau of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. (NC Photos.)

Is This Morrow?

This is the title of the Canadian adaptation of an American picture pamphlet on Communism which has reached, in the United States, the tremendous circulation of more than 4,000,000 copies.

It is not a theoretical study on the Soviet doctrines. It is the illustrated story of the Communistic revolution... in Canada. So it's fiction, a novel or something? Not exactly... This narrative is not a trumped-up story. Quite on the contrary: every single fact in the pamphlet has been strictly verified... in the unfortunate countries now dominated by the Soviet regime. Much to the distress of the peoples involved, the Communistic tactics and methods are actual and undeniable history, and here is the description of their eventual application to Canada. Thus we have the successive phases of a Communistic revolution in our own country devised according to the various events which actually took place elsewhere.

The simple and forceful narrative brings forward the dishonesty, the double-dealing, the criminal and inhuman methods used by the Red bosses. It also draws a striking picture of the physical and moral misery, as well as the material wreck and ruin that follow in the wake of this so-called "new order." Finally, it shows a few samples—chosen among thousands—of the hateful slavery to which are subjected the terrorized populations.

To the common people, no other publication than this can give a better understanding of the trickeries and dangers of Communism, and of the havoc it plays on the individual, the family and the community.

Industrial leaders, trade union directors, businessmen, presidents of social organizations, etc., all should make it their bounden duty to promote to the utmost the circulation of this timely pamphlet.

IS THIS TOMORROW? — Canadian edition — a 48-page pamphlet entirely illustrated

Rev. Leo Hoppe, O.S.B., recently published an article in THE INDIAN SENTINEL, about some faithful Indian converts of his Mission at Red Lake. We thought our readers would like to read about these good souls.

Father Leo writes as follows: "I shall always remember Simon Blue. According to the baptismal records he was 95 years old. For years he had lived in a little cabin in the woods near St. Mary's Mission and was very faithful in his attendance at Mass and frequently received the Sacraments. He came to Church as long as he was able to walk, then he was anxious for the priests to bring him Holy Communion on First Fridays. Before that he used to live seventeen miles from the Mission near the outlet of Red Lake, but distance did not prevent him from attending to his religious duties.

Nancy Cain

Then there is Nancy Cain, a devout woman of eighty-two years of age. She used to talk frequently about her conversion. When she was a girl, her baby brother became very ill. All the family were pagans, so they called in an Indian medicine man to cure him. His songs did no good, much to the sadness of the mother. Then a Catholic suggested that perhaps the baby might get well if they had him baptized. They lived at Ponemah, thirty-five miles from St. Mary's Mission. The missionary came at once, and the mother promised to bring the child up as a Catholic if he recovered. To their joy the baby did get well almost at once after his baptism.

The whole family then decided to become Catholic. They remained staunch Catholics and this in spite of severe persecution by their pagan neighbors. Several times each year they made the long trip to the Mission for Mass and to receive the Sacraments. In recent years a Missionary has visited Ponemah

in 4 colors. For sale at FIDES PUBLISHERS, 25 East St. James Street, Montreal (1) Price: \$0.15 each; \$12.00 per hundred.

The Legend of Death Valley

Legend says that the Indians disobeyed their gods, ignoring warnings to cease the endless tribal wars. Finally the gods became angry and rained down upon the land of the Paiute and the Mojave a terrible punishment.

The stone tops were ripped from mountains, and slumbering volcanoes came to life, spewing up molten lava. As gigantic boulders hurtled through the sky, great rents appeared in the earth, splitting wide and grinding shut again like the heaving jaws of a stone monster. Coastal mountain chains were torn asunder and the ocean itself plunged into the hissing, steaming sinkholes of the desert.

New mountains appeared, twisting and writhing, dissolving and thrusting up again, trapping the inland sea until the gods sucked it up into space. Finally, the gods tired of their monumental vengeance and abandoned the mutilated area — allowing it to sink and settle into an arid, barren wasteland.

This, according to Indian Legend, is how Death Valley was formed. Today, scientists know that, actually, the valley endured its terrible birth some 12,000,000 years ago — at least 10,000,000 years before man appeared on earth. But somehow, drawing on their primitive wisdom, the Indians wove into their tribal lore a remarkably accurate account of its creation.

Incredibly rich in mineral salts and valuable metals, California's Death Valley has always been a magnet for hopeful prospectors. In the early days, fortunes in gold, silver and borax were hauled from the depths of the valley. But for nearly every strike there was a lonely grave in the hills — a stark witness looking down on the shifting sands of the desert.

Today, prospectors, intrigued with dreams of sudden wealth, are streaming into the ruthless valley. The burros of other days have been replaced by jeeps, and even by planes — but no matter what riches are unearthed, the timeless hills and canyons will forever hide vaster treasures deep within their twisted grasp.

RED LAKE CONVERTS

MINNESOTA

once a month. Nancy Cain lived and died a good Catholic, fortified by the Sacraments.

If any other districts have any good souls about whom they think our readers would like to hear, just send along a little sketch to us and we shall be glad to print it, in the Indian Missionary Record. (Catholic Indian Herald).

A YANKTON SIOUX SPEAKS

From Fort Randall in July of 1866, Fr. De Smet, S.J., wrote to his superiors the following account of the great Yankton Chief, Pananniapapi. Many missionaries of various sects had tried to persuade this great chief to let them come and settle upon his land. He always refused them.

His reasons

The Chief answered all the requests of the missionaries quite politely, but very forcefully. He told them that he was glad to be able to tell them why he did not want them. He felt that he had a duty to the Great Spirit, and had made up his mind on this matter over twenty-two years ago. He wanted to put the instruction of his youth in the hands of the Black-robos, since he considered them alone the true teachers of the faith of Jesus Christ.

Protestants Object

The non-Catholic missionaries asked why he did not accept their teaching. They said the religion of the Black-robos was good, but theirs was the best.

Pananniapapi Answers

In the old Church the Mother of Jesus Christ is honored. When the Yankton camp was attacked with cholera, she helped them all. The chief always wears her medal, he told them. Then he told them that they wanted to come among the Yanktons only to get rich, and to make their wives and children rich. The Black-robe has neither wife or children. His only care is for the Indian people and their souls. The Chief said that since his first talk with the Black-robe, he wanted to be baptized. His mind was made up. The Chief and his wife were baptized with the names, Peter and Ann.

'ATLANTIS' A FABLE

Scientific experiments carried on by Dr. Ewing for the past 13 years have produced no evidence that there ever was such a place at Atlantis. Those fabulous legends, so attractive to the imagination, were just that — legends.

Addressing the National Academy of Sciences, Dr. Ewing told of photographs he had taken as far as 18,000 feet below the ocean surface in the area of the mid-Atlantic ridge. There, where tradition said there lay a prehistoric continent long ago engulfed by the sea, no buried temples or long-forgotten cities were revealed.

But the camera did capture sub-marine rivers, as well as gulches, plains and canyons as extensive and flat as the mid-Western prairies. And mountains towering 10,000 feet above the ocean floor, were still a mile below the surface.

The theory that Indians of North America may have come from Europe, through the 'lost continent' of Atlantis, receives a death-blow by Dr. Ewing's discovery.

The Spirit of Christmas

I am your friend, and my love for you goes deep. There is nothing I can give you which you have not; but there is much, very much, that, while I cannot give it you can take. No heaven can come to us unless our hearts find rest in it today. Take Heaven! No peace lies in the future which is not hidden in this present little instant. Take Peace!

The gloom of the world is but a shadow. Behind it yet within our reach, is Joy. There is radiance and glory in the darkness, could we but see; and to see, we have only to Look. I beseech you to Look.

LIFE is so generous a giver, but we judging its gifts by their covering, cast them away as ugly or heavy or hard. Remove the covering and you will find beneath it a living splendour, woven of Love, by Wisdom, with Power. Welcome it, grasp it, and you touch the Angel's hand that brings it to you. Everything we call a trial, a sorrow or a duty; believe me, that Angel's hand is there; the Gift is there, and the wonder of an overshadowing Presence. Our joys, too; be not content with them as joys. They, too, conceal diviner Gifts.

LIFE is so full of Meaning and Purpose, so full of Beauty — beneath its covering — that you will find earth but cloaks your Heaven. Courage then, to claim it; that is all! But Courage you have and the knowledge that we are pilgrims together, wending through unknown country, Home.

And so, at this time, I greet you not quite as the world sends greetings, but with profound esteem, and with the Prayer that for you, now and forever, the Day breaks, and the shadows flee away.

A Letter Written by
Fra GIOVANNI—A. D. 1513

CHIEF JOSEPH

WASHINGTON, D.C. — Chief Joseph and his band of "Nez Perce" Indians, never more than 400 strong, fought the United States army 12 times at odds of one to five greater and lost only the last battle.

The chief went to join "the great spirit above" in 1904 but his shade must have been smiling triumphantly in the United States senate the other day.

That august body, hoping to close shop and go campaigning in a matter of days, was struggling with subjects of such major importance as might hold the key to peace or war.

Galleries and senators were tense as the proceedings opened. Then arose Senator Harry P. (Candy) Cain, Republican from the State of Washington. He wanted permission to introduce a resolution and was allowed to proceed.

Cain wanted to change the name of Foster Creek dam on the Columbia river in his state to "Chief Joseph Dam".

Foster Creek, he said, had no historical or other significance so far as he knew.

So while senators, galleries and the world waited, Cain filled nearly four columns of the congressional record.

Chief Joseph was worth talking about, too. While it was there and his little band, crucified and mounted, licked pants off five times their number of regular army men armed with gatlings and howitzers in 11 consecutive engagements, they did in a nice way.

Chief Joseph never scalped foes, let women go free and peaceful settlers alone.

But he walloped the army all the way from Oregon to Montana until they surrounded him on a slope on the Canadian border.

He and the remnants of his band were given the honors of war. They were given a residence in Washington similar to the tribal home in northern Idaho which they had fought to save from invading white men.

The resolution was referred to the proper committee, the senate went on with what Chief Joseph probably would call less important business and Senator Cain never did say anything about Chief Joseph, whose name was to be erased from American history.

A NEW PAGE OF COMICS

We are pleased to present to our readers, beginning with the January issue of the I.M.R., a new page of comic strips, obtained through the courtesy of Canada Wide Feature Service Ltd. Montreal. Featured will be:

Jack and Judy in Bible-land, Candy, Bessie, Scuffy, Rupert the Bear (a serial) and Animal Antics.

SAINT NICHOLAS

PATRON OF CHILDREN

ACCORDING TO LEGENDS, ST. NICHOLAS WAS BORN AT PARARA, ASIA MINOR, AT THE END OF THE SECOND CENTURY.



IN HIS YOUTH, HE MADE A PILGRIMAGE TO PALESTINE AND EGYPT.

SHORTLY AFTER RETURNING FROM HIS PILGRIMAGE, NICHOLAS BECAME BISHOP OF MYRA IN LYCIA.



TO BE A BISHOP IN THOSE DAYS WAS A DANGEROUS THING. DURING THE DIOCLETIAN PERSECUTION, BISHOP NICHOLAS WAS CAST INTO PRISON.



STAY THERE UNTIL DEATH FREES YOU!

WHEN CONSTANTINE BECAME EMPEROR OF ROME, BISHOP NICHOLAS WAS FREED.



THE TRIUMPH OF CONSTANTINE UNDER THE SIGN OF THE CROSS HAS FREED YOU.

BISHOP NICHOLAS IS SAID TO HAVE DIED DEC. 6, 345 OR 352. BECAUSE OF HIS KINDNESS AND HOLY LIFE, HE WAS MOURNED BY ALL THE PEOPLE.



IN 1087, ITALIAN MERCHANTS STOLE THE BODY OF THE BISHOP-MARTYR.



WE WILL TAKE THE BODY OF THE GOOD BISHOP TO OUR NATIVE CITY.

BECAUSE HIS BODY WAS TAKEN TO BARI, ITALY, THIS SAINT IS KNOWN BOTH AS NICHOLAS OF MYRA AND OF BARI.



ST. NICHOLAS IS HONORED ESPECIALLY AS THE PATRON OF CHILDREN. HE IS SAID TO HAVE SAVED THREE LITTLE BOYS FROM BEING DROWNED IN A TUB.

THE RUSSIANS HAVE BEEN PARTICULARLY ATTACHED TO ST. NICHOLAS.



LET US PRAY TO HIM TO HELP SAVE RUSSIA FROM COMMUNISM.

NO. 320
Sue Johnson

IN MANY HOMES AND SCHOOLS, DEC 6th IS CELEBRATED AS ST. NICHOLAS DAY. ON ST. NICHOLAS EVE A MAN REPRESENTING THE SAINT GIVES GIFTS TO CHILDREN IN THEIR HOMES.



Larry The Leprechaun



Larry and the Bumblebee

Larry peeped out through the thick clover blossoms until he found what he had heard — a big fuzzy bumblebee, happily climbing around on a clover blossom. "Good morning!" he then said. "How is the honey this morning?"

"Fine, thank you," replied the bee. "I suppose you mean the nectar, though. There is really nothing like clover nectar. Mmm!"

"Really?" asked Larry. "I must try it some time. I have noticed how many bees there are in a clover field."

"Yes, many of us prefer this type of food to any other," said the bumblebee. "The honey bees gather a good deal of it — it makes a fine-flavored honey."

"You don't make honey for anyone but yourselves, do you?" asked Larry.

"No, we aren't in the business like the honey bees," said the bumblebee.

"Do you live near here somewhere?" asked Larry. "Come to think of it, I don't know what kind of a home you have at all. Is it a paper nest like a wasp or hornet nest?"

"No, we live in the ground," said the bumblebee. "We like

a nice little cave in the ground — mouse burrow is fine."

"But why don't you build your own?" asked Larry. "Don't you know how to make a paper nest, like the wasps do?"

"No, we are meant to live in the ground," said the bumblebee. "Other kinds of bees and wasps live in other places, and have different habits. We aren't all the same just because we are all bees."

"But you all can sting?" asked Larry.

"I guess we do have that in common!" said the bumblebee with a chuckle. "After all, we have to have some way to protect

ourselves." . . .

"Sometimes, though, people get stung by accident," said Larry. "They don't really mean harm to you — they just get in the way."

"Yes," said the bumblebee, "that does happen, and it's too bad. But how are we supposed to know? We have so many enemies, and they are all much bigger than we are. When people strike at us and fight with us, of course we think they mean to hurt us. We don't mean to harm THEM either. It's just an accident."

"Well, thank you for telling me about yourself," said Larry waving goodbye.

Who Is Santa Claus?

Santa Claus is a Catholic. Another name for him is St. Nicholas — St. Nick, for short. And he is far from a legendary figure. The Church celebrates his feast day on December 6.

Christmas brings many wonders to little children. On Christmas Eve when they go to bed there are no toys under the Christmas tree and the stockings they have hung on the fireplace are empty. But in the morning the living room is a paradise of toys and good things to eat. The children make inquiries: Who visited their house on Christmas Eve? Many parents tell the children that St. Nick came during the night and left the gifts.

This is not all fairy tale, associating St. Nicholas with the coming of lovely presents on Christmas. It is said that one day Nicholas discovered that three young ladies in his diocese — he was bishop of Myra in Italy in the fourth century — were in trouble. They were about to take up a life of sin because they could not make an honorable marriage. All three were poor and it was impossible for them to secure the necessary dowry connected with marriage in those ancient days. St. Nicholas came by their homes and secretly, un-

seen and unannounced, left money on the fireplace for the poor girls. Santa Claus and St. Nick worked along the same lines of charity; they used the same secret method of delivery. So Santa is well named St. Nick.

Our Blessed Lord wants every one to be another St. Nick, not only at Christmas time, but every day. Christ wants all His followers to perform unseen and unannounced acts of charity too. "When thou givest alms, do not let thy left hand know what thy right hand is doing, so that thy alms may be given in secret; and thy Father, who sees, in secret, will reward thee."

A notable case of this secret charity is that of the marriage feast of Cana. The wine was running low. Our Blessed Lady did not want the bride and groom to be embarrassed. Without mentioning a word to them, she quietly went to Our Lord and told Him the story. Christ changed water into wine lest the happiness of the newly-weds be spoiled.

Get into the Christmas spirit by helping your neighbor, even though he does not thank you. There's a lot you can learn from St. Nick.

(Notre Dame Bulletin)

Baptized Ballads

St. Thomas Aquinas, it is said, baptized Aristotle. We know of a little nun who has performed the same good office on a number of popular love songs. One day I said to her: "Sister, what are your favorite ejaculations?"

"Love songs!" she replied promptly. Then seeing my look of consternation she continued: "Don't be too shocked — it isn't as bad as it sounds."

"Seems to me it needs a bit of explanation," I said grimly.

"All right. I'll explain. It doesn't do to leave editors with wrong impressions. When I was in the world I was always humming and singing the latest songs to myself as I worked around the house or garden. After entering the Novitiate I often found myself unconsciously doing the same thing—humming to myself. 'I'll be loving you always,' etc., etc. Of course, as soon as I realized what I was doing I would put a hurried stop to an indulgence that seemed quite out of order in a religious. For years I fought this propensity, but the tunes kept rising to my lips again and again in spite of every effort to banish them. Then one day the inspiration came to make a virtue out of temptation. It dawned on me that 'I Want You Only—You and Your Love' could be turned into a perfect Act of Love and Desire for Our Lord, and that He would not mind in the least if the 'acts' had a musical setting. The same is true of 'I'll be loving You—always!' Surely that is easily turned into a heartfelt assurance of fidelity to our Eternal Lover."

Here Sister paused, but as I had no comment to make, she continued with a roguish gleam in her eye: "There are unlimited possibilities in 'I like what You like—on account-a I love You.' It's really only another way of saying to God: 'I'll be glad to do whatever you wish because I love You.' Of course it's not always easy to sing or hum: 'I like what You like'—and mean it! But when that part of the song seems hard, the other half — 'on account-a I love You' supplies a never-failing motive for accepting whatever is difficult. These are just a few of the samples, but I've found that by changing a word here and there, all my favorite songs can be made into prayers."

"It's a novel idea," I told her; "probably nobody else has thought of such a thing."

"It has the imprimatur of my confessor in case you doubt its Orthodoxy. Of course, I don't sing the words out loud if anyone else is around because they might misunderstand." Then with a radiant smile she continued: "You have no idea how wonderful it is to sing love songs to Our Lord, and I'll tell you a secret"—here her voice sank almost to a whisper, "sometimes He sings them back to me."

(S.O.S. Magazine)

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NICOLAS PERROT PIONEER



NICOLAS PERROT WAS BORN IN FRANCE IN 1644.

IN 1668 HE CAME TO GREEN BAY WITH HIS FUR-TRADING PARTNER, TOUSSAINT BAUDRY.



THE POTAWATOMI INDIANS MADE A FUSS OVER PERROT.

THEY CARRIED THE FRENCHMAN ON THEIR SHOULDERS AND SMOKED THE CALUMET, PIPE OF PEACE, WITH HIM.



A VISITING MENOMINEE INDIAN HAVING BEEN KILLED, WAR THREATENED BETWEEN THEM AND THE POTAWATOMI.

PERROT'S GUNS AWED THE INDIANS. WOMEN AND CHILDREN STREWED BRANCHES OF TREES IN HIS PATH. THE WAR WAS PREVENTED.



PERROT WAS PROBABLY THE FIRST WHITE MAN TO VISIT THE FOXES, A FIERCE TRIBE OF INDIANS.

ONCE, WHEN HOSTILE INDIANS WERE ABOUT TO BURN HIM, FRIENDLY FOXES CAME TO HIS RESCUE.



PERROT KNEW INDIAN LANGUAGES. HIS ORATORY CHARMED THE REDMEN.

HE WAS ALWAYS DIPLOMATIC AND GIFTS HELPED HIM TO WIN THE INDIANS' GOOD WILL.



IN MAY, 1670, PERROT AND BAUDRY RETURNED TO MONTREAL WITH THE LARGEST NUMBER OF FUR-LADEN CANOES EVER TO HAVE GONE EASTWARD.

THIS WAS A BIG EVENT IN THE FUR-TRADE OF NEW FRANCE.



PERROT CAME BACK TO WISCONSIN IN 1685, HAVING BEEN MADE "COMMANDANT OF THE WEST."

FROM GREEN BAY HE GOVERNED AN AREA LARGER THAN ALL FRANCE, AND HAD AN "ARMY" OF ONLY 20 MEN. HE BUILT FORTS NEAR THE PRESENT PEPIN, WIS., AND AT THE MOUTH OF THE WISCONSIN RIVER.



IN 1686 PERROT GAVE THE JESUIT MISSION AT DE PERE A SILVER OSTENSORIUM OR MONSTRANCE.

THIS IS THE OLDEST RELIC OF THE FRENCH REGIME IN EARLY WISCONSIN. IT IS IN THE STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY'S MUSEUM.

No. 334 Sue Johnson



IN 1688, AFTER A MILITARY EXPEDITION EASTWARD, PERROT RETURNED TO GREEN BAY.

A STORE OF HIS FURS IN A MISSION BUILDING WAS LOST. HE WAS RUINED FINANCIALLY. IN 1698, HE WAS ORDERED BACK TO THE EAST AND FADDED FROM THE HISTORY OF WISCONSIN.

NATURAL INSTINCTS

By John Le Caine

The mule deer belongs to the Deer family. In appearance there is slight difference. The two closest cousins of the mule deer are the Virginia and the Black Tail deer.

The natural instincts of the mule deer calls for a certain type of range where its two nearest cousins dare not risk life, but where only the mule deer finds peace, safety and contentment.

Although the mule deer is slightly different in appearance to that of its two closest cousins its natural instinct is the dominant power that forces him apart in his own way from its kind.

The only thing the mule deer

possesses in common with its two nearest cousins is its stomach. For its food is the same foliage the cousins relish and thrive on.

Sometimes I believe the white man may, after all, succeed in Americanizing the Indians' stomach.

For I find that after thriving on the white man's food for nearly sixty years, I no longer relish the natural wild meats and the native dishes I used to like years ago.

Even my children and grandchildren just would not be fooled to eat of the few native dishes I still pretend to relish.

To find these little ones refus-

ing to accept what was once the good food of their race makes me angry.

Oh, well! I guess, like the mule deer, we Indians can remain always Indians except in the stomach. It seems we have to, anyway, now in this crowded range.

VITAMIN C SOURCES

It has become common in the last 30 years for nutritionists and health authorities to recommend oranges and other citrus fruits, as well as tomatoes, for vitamin C, although vegetables can supply all the vitamin C needed for health.

The reason for this has been that these sources are especially rich, are palatable, and may often be eaten without cooking. Cooking wastes vitamin C by dissolving it into water and destroying it. The loss in some cases may be 100 per cent so that if no raw fruits or vegetables are eaten, there is a real danger of vitamin C deficiency.

Seeing a neighbor's little boy playing in his front yard after school time, I asked why he was not in school that morning. "We've been laid off for a couple of days", he replied.

Once Upon a Time



The Date and the Bramble.

By Dorothy Blount

In many pictures of the Flight in the background. This com-into Egypt, a date-palm appears memorates a legend about how Our Lady, seeing some fine dates in a tree, wished for some of them to eat.

But the branch was too high for Our Lady to reach; so the palm tree graciously bowed down until the branch was low enough for her to pluck the dates. God

blessed the tree and called it the Palm of Victory and as late as the year 1244, this very tree pointed out to visitors near Cairo the city in Egypt where the name also means "victory."

And have you ever noticed the stone of every date is marked with a small circle? The story that this recalls the exclamation of Our Lady when she saw the date bow down to share its fruit. "Oh!"

There are many stories about how trees helped the Holy Family on its flight from Herod's soldiers; but the one about the bramble is different.

Once upon a time, tradition states, the bramble was a right tree. It was condemned to crawl in shame forever after delayed the Holy Family's flight by tearing the veil from Our Lady's head.

(All rights reserved, Catholic Truth Society of Ireland.) (N.C. Features)

My aunt was entertaining some friends when she detected a youngster about to get into mischief. Not wishing to scold him in the presence of guests she gave him a "hard look." Tearfully he begged: "Mamma, please don't holler at me with your eyes".

STRANGE BUT TRUE



"The MOST IMPUDENT CATHOLIC IN ENGLAND" was THOMAS POUNCE MARTYR, who became a Jesuit brother by correspondence while in jail during Penal Times. HE WROTE TO ROME FOR ADMISSION TO THE SOCIETY, GRANTED IN 1578.



Father BERNARD HAILE, O.F.M., is the first person to put the INDIAN NAVAHO LANGUAGE on paper.

6000 VOLUMES OF CHURCH HISTORY WERE PRODUCED UNDER THE PERSONAL SUPERVISION OF BISHOP ORIGIN IN THE THIRD CENTURY.

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The Trail of Hanpa

by Ablo-Hoksila and Woonkapi-Sni

CHAPTER XVII — RAINBOW IN THE SKY

A few days later Daniel had a very unusual idea. He said to his pal Toto:

"I have in mind to build a new house at the foot of the Peppermint Hill. Will you help me?"

"Indeed I will," replied Toto, "when do we start . . . ? Say! Dan, what is getting into you? Are you turning 'washichu' now?"

"Well, Toto," said Daniel meditatively, "you have witnessed my long struggles, I have not turned to a white man yet, but I am thinking of marrying the Doe-Maiden this fall; I think she cannot live in my old adobe shack. I want to make her a present of a new home."

"Well indeed," remarked Toto, "very few among us would do a thing like this . . . I think you are very wise . . . but, pal, where do I come in?"

"I am giving you my old house, and everything," answered Daniel, "if you help me put up the new house."

"Agreed," affirmed Toto with a smile, "when my day comes I am sure you will help me build a new house, won't you?"

"When, and if, you get married! . . . I always figured you would die like an old coyote, all alone, as you have always lived," Dan said teasingly.

And not very long afterwards, at the foot of the Peppermint Hill, the two men were busy sawing the heavy logs, fitting the door and window frames, shingling . . . Word of the new house being built by Daniel spread around quickly, and many of his friends, among whom LeBègue, came to help on rainy days.

It was a pleasant sight to behold the unusual energy displayed in erecting the future home of Daniel. Daniel was happy, yodelling while he worked.

One morning Daniel heard that the missionary was coming to spend several days at Wood Mountain. The time had come for him to fulfil his promise to his fiancée. It would be now or never . . . ! Daniel was not so cheerful that day. He felt the urge of running away from his fate.

"Maybe it is the 'wakanshicha' (devil) who is getting hold of me," he thought, "yet, why should he bother with me . . . I have never harmed him . . ."

The more he thought the more the idea of leaving obsessed him. Then he decided to speak to the Doe-Maiden.

He left his tools in the house, and without saying a word to Toto, he saddled his pony and left . . . He wished to be all alone, and to meditate upon his future.

On his way, as in a trance, induced by his frame of mind and the gentle loping motion of his horse, Daniel had a dream: he saw again the great sea of human faces he had visioned before the death of his grandfather . . . he saw them moving without aim as in a fog . . . he looked intently among them trying to see again the countenance of his grandfather . . .

Daniel stopped his horse, a cold sweat bathing his whole body. He had reached the top of the hill, and stopping here, he gazed over the vast panorama that spread itself before him. He tried to shake his dream away, and yet in the distant clouds he could see those faces again, ever

changing form and size, getting more and more indistinct and hazy . . . His mind became a blank.

Suddenly in the sky he saw a huge rainbow! The many-hued arch rose from the valley and reached way up into the clouds. Daniel gazed at it . . . the brilliant yellows, reds and greens filled his heart and soul with a gleam of hope and happiness he had never felt before. He saw there, as if written by the very hand of God, the message of hope and the answer to his query.

Gone forever from his mind would be the ancient dreams and superstitions to be replaced by the more substantial realities of the teachings of Christ: the gold of faith, the green of hope, the red of charity, filled his eyes and his soul. He stood there a long time admiring the beauty of the rainbow, and letting his soul be steeped in the sentiments which overwhelmed him.

Suddenly his horse neighed. Surprised, he turned around and saw the Doe-Maiden coming towards him.

"Lover!" she cried, "I was so worried. I went to see the new house you are building . . . you were not there . . . Toto told me you had been gloomy all day and that you had gone without saying a word . . . I was so happy when I spied you on the top of this hill.

The words gushed forth in a torrent of relief . . . The only answer of Daniel was to take her in his arms and to kiss her tenderly.

"Do not fear, my little one," he murmured tenderly, "I was not running away. Now I saw what I have been waiting to see for so long! Look at that wonderful rainbow! I believe God has sent it to me to show me my future. I had come here haunted by the vision of my youth, but it has vanished now forever . . ."

"Daniel!" cried the Doe-Maiden, jerking herself away, "I never realized until now what anguish you must have felt right along . . . Do you forgive me for troubling you? Do you still love me as I am . . . ? Daniel, answer me!"

"My little maiden," whispered Daniel, "yes, I do love you infinitely. I am glad you came . . . You must have prayed for me . . ."

My mind is now made up. The missionary is coming soon, we will go and see him, and we will get married by him as soon as we can."

Arm in arm the two lovers watched the rainbow gradually disappear in the sky. To the West the sun was setting in glory as they walked down the hill slowly, leading their horses . . .

In the little church of the Immaculate, on the Wood Mountain reservation, Daniel Little and Marianne LeBègue exchanged their vows. The missionary having completed the ceremonial of baptism, through which Daniel became a Christian, exhorted the bride and the groom:

"You will be, henceforth, one in mind, one in heart and one in affections . . . may this love with which you join your hands and hearts today, never fail, but grow deeper and stronger . . . !"

With tears of happiness Daniel listened to these words; he realized now how his baptism had made possible this union of mind and heart the priest was speaking about. Daniel felt himself born again, born of the Spirit of God by Faith and Love; and it was with a great feeling of peace and security that he answered "I do!" when the priest asked him the ritual question.

The radiant bride, dressed in white, looked up at him with joy and pride as she, in her turn, gave her consent.

At the Nuptial Mass, which followed, the newly married couple received Holy Communion, as a pledge of mutual affection, peace and harmony here on earth and as guarantee of eternal and perfect union and happiness in heaven.

For Daniel Little the trail was ending . . . he had chosen to be born again into a new world; he had accepted the world of the "spirit-people," not because of its material progress and false happiness, but because in it he had found peace of mind and the assurance of his eternal salvation.

The wedding breakfast, the rounds of good wishes, the dance, which lasted long into the night, the constant presence of his loving bride, were for Daniel the manifestations of his initiation to a new way of life. He felt like

a child enjoying for the first time the feast of Christmas. Christ indeed had come to Daniel on this day.

With a deep mysticism difficult to explain to those who have not experienced the struggles of conversion, Daniel's mind and soul were engrossed in the profound spiritual experience he had felt on this day: his baptism, his marriage, his first communion with Christ. The festivities which were going on seemed foreign to him and while he accepted them with happiness, his deeper self communed with God.

However, no one, in the large number of friends and relatives who were with him, realized that Daniel's mind was away from this earthly world. This was his own secret . . . the hour came for him to drink a last toast to his young wife, he could no longer contain his emotion.

"Relatives and friends," he said simply, "today I have come to the end of a long, long trail . . . I began to follow the path of my ancestors, like a proud Lakota of ancient times . . . I searched everywhere for happiness and security . . . and nowhere have I found it but in the world of the Christian 'washichu' and this through my sweet Doe-Maiden, who now is my wife . . . to whom I wish to say tonight that I have ended my wanderings . . . and that with her I am beginning a new life, a life of hope and of happiness . . . ! I have now come to the end of my trail, and I will live under the sign of the rainbow that shines in the sky."

Of all the guests present, only Marianne understood what Daniel meant by these last words.

(THE END)

In the Land of Flowing Water

(A Legend of Old New Brunswick)

Hugh Sharkey, S.F.M.

In the village of the Mic Macs Lived a lovely Christian maiden Daughter of a mighty chieftain With the bravery of her father. She the mission's joy and comfort

Angel of the tribe and nation And the beauty of her features Hid a soul of greater sweetness. Mighty pine-trees, do you whisper

Of the tale of Nagotami Of the pretty, old-time legend In the Land of Flowing Waters.

How a little redskin maiden Learnt the lesson of the Passion Of our crucified Redeemer. Of a love that knew no limit. T'was about her sixteenth summer

That she left her lodge and kindred Paddled slowly down the river

To the land of Madawaska; To the little convent-schoolhouse Where the noble Catholic sisters Braved the fierceness of the savage

Pioneering there and teaching. There she learnt the wondrous lesson

Of a life of sacrifices; Till there burned within her spirit

Such a loving of the Master That she longed to prove her courage

In her new-found faith and Father.

Pure and fragile as a lily Strong and fearless as an oak tree.

T'was one night in late October, In the land of Madawaska When the storm-god loosed his thunder

Yet unfearing slept the village; That the war-drum throbbed its message

And the lurid lightning flashes Showed the gaudy painted faces Of the creeping Iroquois.

And the sleeping of the village Woke from out an awful nightmare;

Rushing towards the sheltering forest, Fleeing towards the nearby river—

While the tomahawks dripped crimson With the blood of the defenceless, And the smouldering of the ruins Told a tale of brutish passion.

While the maiden Nagotami Fleeing through the forest spaces,

Saw vermilion-painted warriors And a tomahawk uplifted, Felt a savage hand upon her

Yet no cry of fear she uttered Only prayed a prayer for courage To the holy Virgin Mother.

Saw they on her unbared bosom Tattooed there—the Cross and Beaver

Telling of a Christian people Hated lodges of the Mic Macs;

Friendly to the black-robed paleface Teaching brotherhood and concord

Meekness, sacrifice and praying, Only fit for timid maidens. They must kill the paleface preachers

And destroy this hated people; She must lead them to the village,

Otherwise her life is forfeit — Only gruesome death by torture; For themselves knew not the waters

Of the land that lay beyond. Paddling swiftly down the river Led the barque of Nagotami,

Down the smoothly flowing river— Fast she paddles—glancing upwards

At the sun within the heavens; While the wigwams of her people Know not of the fearful danger,

And the village braves are hunting. Soon the river's bend is rounded,

Seen the tepees of the Mission; Figures moving hither, thither Unaware of any danger—

Till they spy the strange flotilla, Catch the glint of shining rifles, And a cry of horror echoes

Through the unprotected village. Stay—an awful roar and rumble, The canoes are in confusion;

And the faces of the redskins Pale beneath their gaudy colors. Louder, fiercer—sounds the warning,

The canoes are racing shorewards; One more minute might have saved them—

But, too late—the whirl-pools have them. Like the fingers of a demon,

Or the mouths of hungry mongrels, Are the awful swirl of waters. O the frightful wails of terror

As the vortex sucks them under. One survives the great disaster, Creeping stealthily from the river

Flees away into the forest. Go, and tell the shameful story In the wigwams of the Tortoise,

How the maiden, Nagotami Tricked the bravest of your nation;

Tell them of the Cross and Beaver Of a tale of Christian valor, In the Land of Flowing Waters,

Of the Lily of the Mic Macs. How she paddled, oh so swiftly, Timing well the tide's reversing,

And the bore from-out the Fundy When the Falls are at their fiercest;

That they may escape God's whirl-pools That eternal hell of waters, And the Cross may top the Tortoise

In the teepees of their Braves.

JOKE CORNER

"I'd marry Pauline tomorrow," the young man told his friend, "If I could only make enough money to keep house for two."

"Why don't you go and live with her parents?" suggested the friend.

"That's out," said the young man. "They're living with their parents."

WAS HE A LIAR?

Old John Slocum didn't know anybody was watching him fish until he heard a man's voice over his shoulder asking, "Catch anything, bub?"

"Catch anything," boasted Joe. "Forty brook trout, that's all."

"I guess you don't know who I am," continued the voice. "I'm the fishing warden around here,

and you're breaking exactly six laws."

Joe was equal to the emergency. "I guess you don't know who I am either," he chuckled. "I am the biggest liar in Canada."

While her mother was busy preparing refreshments, Nancy, aged 5, entertained the visiting clergyman. "Do you say your prayers every night?" he asked her. "Oh, no, mommy says them for me." "Really? And what does she say?" "Thank God you're in bed!"

A little girl did not dust the furniture to suit her grandmother, so she had to do it over and over again. Still the old woman was not satisfied. Finally the child said: "Grandma, that dust is not on the furniture, it is on your glasses!"

Dakota Christmas

By Helen C. Califano

(Condensed from Ave Maria)

It was Christmas eve of 1810 in the wilderness of what is now Minot, N. Dak. Father Lougain stepped from behind a clump of alders so stricken by wind and snow it had lost its identity. In a pause in the gale he could see the Indian village in the clearing ahead. He had reached journey's end. The village consisted of 50 tepees and a crude hut. The priest headed for the hut; it was closest and would prove more spacious than a tepee. Progress was hampered by his equipment, consisting of medical kit, Mass kit, and parcels, and by the fact that he had a small child with him.

Father Lougain knocked. Snow all but smothered the shelter; wind howled through its walls. An old woman with gourd-shaped head and pocked face opened the door. She asked no questions, for she spoke no tongue other than her own; and the situation was self-evident.

As the Father entered she pointed to a small bunk along the far wall. Then she knelt by the fire. Satisfied all was well with the evening meal, she looked over her shoulder. Concluding that a woman's services were needed, she lurched upright; the next moment she was bending over Father Lougain's patient. The child was still wrapped in blankets, only now it was possible to see her limp head, covered by masses of purple-black hair. It was possible, too, to see her sweet olive face, and eyelashes so long they rested like corn silk on her tired cheeks.

Suddenly the woman squeaked recognition and surprise. Her body began to quiver with excitement and a torrent of gutturals rose from her wrinkled throat. Father Lougain understood some Indian, though he had been working among the Dakotas less than a year. Wanda was the name of the little girl.

"I was right then," he said with satisfaction; "she is one of yours. I found her almost frozen to death in a stretch of woodland." He moved towards the fire. The cold had entered his blood and chilled his heart; his feet and hands were awkward with pain. The woman followed the course of his tall, youthfull form with dusky gratitude, her face like a patch of lit earth on the forest floor. Father smiled the smile of peace. He had trudged 20 miles off the beaten path in a terrifying blizzard, the like of which he could not have even imagined in sun-washed southern France, where he had been born, to bring an Indian girl back to her people.

He had been a good shepherd, who not only brings back his own sheep but all sheep that are lost. He recalled with pleasure an inspired passage from a volume on foreign missions, his constant companion. He had memorized it because it described so well what he felt in his heart concerning his priesthood. It read: "The missionary priest will come closer than any man to the common denominator of all humanity. He will see hope where other men see blackness and will find God where others see no-

thing but evil. Sparks from the fires of his sacrifice will light souls living in darkness, and they will see the cross and the way to eternal life. Rightfully to fulfill his destiny, he must cut the Gordian knot that ties him to his people and cast himself upon the Lord. And it will be his badge of merit that when he has realized his calling his countenance will be as the Lord's."

Aware that now the old crone was swaying and croaking her concern for the little one, Father Lougain reached for his medical kit to administer restoratives. Wanda was even frailer than most Indian girls of ten, and dangerously languid from exposure and fatigue. He worked with that minimum of effort characteristic of men who know what they do. The study of medicine had been a requisite at his Jesuit seminary at Toulon and again at Rome. He had brought to that study, as he had brought to all his seminary work, the penetrating analysis and the academic point of view of a well-born Frenchman. He had brought, too, the high seriousness of a man reared in sanctity who at an early age experienced the sense of vocation. Watching him, the woman relaxed. She knew nothing about the white man's medicine, but her instincts concerning men were correct. She looked at the cook pots, then at the Father, enacting a pantomime to indicate that the food was ready. A moment later she disappeared through the drafty doorway to become a part of the icy swirl beyond.

Alone with the child, Father Lougain's natural humility asserted itself. Whatever the moment of expansion he had so recently experienced, now he felt inadequate and young, and overwhelmingly homesick. A sense of unworthiness that had haunted him as far back as he could remember and had shadowed moments of personal triumph claimed him with fresh vigor. Memories of teachers and prelates who had watched him go forth on his North American mission with joy in their souls and prayers on their lips returned to sadden him. They had believed that from his sowing could come much good fruit. But he had failed to vindicate their high trust. He had made no converts.

Moreover, 35 miles away at an Indian mission where he had expected to spend this Christmas eve and the morrow as well, a group of faithful was awaiting his arrival. They would have to do without him. Nor would they have the holy creche in the chapel, as he had promised, since the figurines which had been sent from overseas were with him. He stared with unhappy fixedness at unrelated items about him: some owl and loon wings hanging from the ceiling, a beaver skull at his feet, frames for stretching hides covered with torn skins in various stages of decay. France was far away.

Darkness was falling when the old woman returned, accompanied by a younger woman and three braves. They entered on a gust of congealing wind, stamping their feet. The young woman ran over to



Wanda. Motherhood claimed her and made her soft; the far reaches of the firelight rendered her heavy face appealing. "Wanda," she said softly.

The braves, the rightful occupants of the hut, slouched over the fire to their supper. With great dispatch they crammed duck and squash down their hungry throats. They milled around at their end of the cabin, staring curiously now and then, but without hostility, at the priest, who, in turn, was making a covert appraisal. Aroused by the general disquiet and her mother's mournful crooning, Wanda stirred, upsetting a parcel the Father had placed on the bed. Father Lougain pushed it gently out of sight under the balsam bunk. It was a Gesu Bambino which had been carved by a master craftsman for the Lougain family 400 years before the good Father had been born. Father Lougain had always regarded the Babe with reverence and affection; tonight, he identified it with all that was of good report in his past. The Gesu was dressed in a sweeping infant dress of white satin his mother had sewn with exquisite stitches for the Babe's first Christmas in America. Father Lougain wished to keep it by his side to stand between him and loneliness.

Turning to him very shyly, Wanda's mother endeavored to make white man's conversation with the mixture of jargon, gestures, and English she had learned at a trading post. Her eyes told him she was grateful. Her lips attempted an explanation of what had taken place. "Wanda hear story of Babee called 'Jeesau.' White Lady at Trading post tell Wanda. Wanda go find Jeesou. She tink that Jeesou give her present. I tell her dere is no Jeesou, but she no believe me. She go away to find heem." She paused for breath, shrugging her shoulders hopelessly at Wanda's quest and its almost tragic consequences. Then she laughed the primitive, full-throated laughter of a woman long disillusioned, who can still be amused by the vagaries of childhood.

The braves and the old woman joined in the mirth, the braves because they had understood and agreed, the old woman because her men were laughing. Outside was the fury of winter; both inside and out there was utter desolation. The brittle quality of

the rude laughter against the background of the storm grew disconcerting and pregnant with evil. A sputtering log in the fireplace became a heinous hiss. From out of the sum total of sound emerged successive waves of mockery that filled the cabin with cries of pagan victory. Christ was being crucified with zest on the very night of His birth. Legions of an unseen foe were grimly gathering around a believing white man and his little friend. Father Lougain knew a crisis was imminent. He prepared to meet it. Like a soldier on the eve of battle, he was fearful and weak and at the same time impregnable and unafraid. The blood drained from his face. He rose to full height and placed his hand upon a crucifix at his side. The gesture was that of a warrior drawing his sword. He was now the most important figure in the room.

When finally the laughter had subsided, Father Lougain began to speak. He waived difficulties of the moment with new mastery. His words reflected all the gifts of birth and training, all the grace of prayer, and spiritual discipline. "There is a Jesus," he declared. "He was born in a country called Judea more than 1800 years ago. Yet He still lives and will live forever. Angels announced His birth, and Wise Men came to worship, and bring gifts of gold, incense, and myrrh. He was born in a stable over which hung a star, and his mother was called Mary. He was the Christ, the Son of God; He came to earth to live and be crucified that man might have eternal life." In his earnestness, the young priest lifted his face as if addressing a congregation, and it rent the gloom like a white fire.

The braves listened with puzzled interest, the women with statuesque immobility. Only Wanda smiled knowingly, her thin hands nervously picking deep irregular furrows in the blanket fold. Some of this she had heard before. Father Lougain capitalized upon this fact by training the rest of his defense where it would do the most good. Taking one of Wanda's restless brown hands in his he went gravely on: "He sent me all the way from France to you here tonight, Wanda. He sent me because He loves you very much and wants you to know Him."

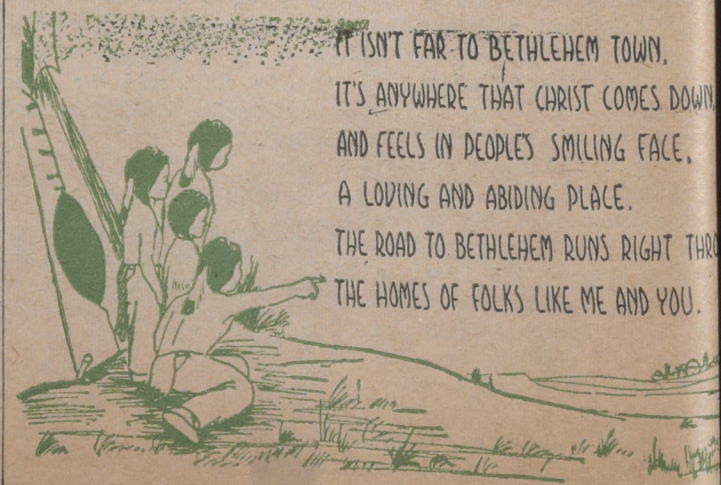
With the spotlight upon her, Wanda was overcome by alternate spasms of shyness and childish delight, but her only sound was to squeak like a little mouse. Her eyes roved from face to face to measure

her triumph. Then she found her voice.

"Do He geeve present?" asked excitedly. The man of her asking implied commotion. There was a Jesu Bambino. He had sent Father Lougain to her, then surely there must be a gift. Father Lougain stooped to claim the parcel which but a short time before he had sought to conceal. "Yes," he answered her eagerly, "He sent you a present. It's an image of Himself called 'Gesu Bambino.'" He removed the doll from its wrapping with tenderness, and adjusted its rich robe and gold ornaments. He cupped the child's heavy lace protecting the infant's clutched hands. The men and braves moved, magnetized, to where he stood holding his Christ on high on a banner, the shining glow of the white satin dress matching his face. For a moment it might have been an angel, the first Christmas eve, the Indians the lowly shepherds. With one last caress he placed the Gesu reverently into Wanda's outstretched arms. "Keep it, Wanda," said kindly, "and love it always."

Thus Father Lougain cut the Gordian knot with his past on a night when only the present made the present tolerable. For the first time as a missionary priest he had fully realized his calling and cast himself upon the Lord. In a moment of revelation he saw never again would he grow long for home for what was best of the culture, faith from which he sprung was embodied in every way of life and could not be restricted to some particular plot of earth. The knowledge that this was so made the night holy and blessed as Christmas ever had ever been. Redeeming compensation was ceded upon him and happiness so abundant that his heart could not wholly contain it. Some of it spilled into the soul of the little girl, and some into the dull lives of her elders. Christmas came to an Indian village, Father Lougain had brought his first Indians to Bethlehem. Then the Lord, lavishly His wont, laid one last touch of divine favor as a Christmas gift at the feet of His priest.

The little Wanda, saving and fondling the luminous white of the infant dress, immediately associated it with the face of her benefactor's face and shining manhood. "I will love Jeesou always," she said statically. "He look just like you."



IT ISN'T FAR TO BETHLEHEM TOWN,
IT'S ANYWHERE THAT CHRIST COMES DOWN
AND FEELS IN PEOPLE'S SMILING FACE,
A LOVING AND ABIDING PLACE.
THE ROAD TO BETHLEHEM RUNS RIGHT THROUGH
THE HOMES OF FOLKS LIKE ME AND YOU.